

## At the Edge of the World You Will Still Float

Telefon Tel Aviv

How does it measure up?  
Was I good enough?  
I'll never know...

And if it's meant to be,  
What will it mean to me?  
I never want to know...

Always headstrong calling me home  
There was a place I belonged.

And as I fill my cup  
I wonder how I had enough  
And I'm not sure...

What will be, will be  
Not without some mystery  
That I'm sure...

Always headstrong calling me home  
There was a place I belonged